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THE GUIDON

October-November
1907



State Female Normal School
Farmville, Va.



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The Guidon

October-November, 1907

"I stay but for my Guidon."—Shakespeare.



State Female Normal School
Farmville, Virginia



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THE GUIDON

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THE GUIDON

"It were better youth
Should strive through acts uncouth
Toward making, than repose upon
Aught found made."—*Browning*.

VOL. 4

OCT.-NOV., 1907.

No. 1

Ode to Autumn.

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
Close bosom friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch eaves run:
To bend with apples the mass'd cottage-trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease;
For summer has o'er brimmed their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;
Or on a half reap'd furrow sound asleep,
Drowsed with the fume of poppies while thy hook
Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers:
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook;
Or by a cider-press with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of spring? Ay, where are they?
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,—
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;
Then, in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river-sallows borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn:
Hedge-crickets sing; and now with treble soft
The red breast whistles from a garden-croft;
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

JOHN KEATS.

The House of Seven Gables.

A ROMANCE is a form of prose fiction dealing with supernatural incidents in life. A novel is a fictitious tale portraying real life.

To the ordinary, unobservant reader the difference between a novel and a romance is scarcely noticeable; but to Hawthorne the difference is clearly apparent, and, in calling his work a romance, he desires to claim a certain leniency and freedom not permitted the novelist.

The House of Seven Gables is one of Hawthorne's typical works. In this book are brought out many of the traits which characterize his works. Here we find the atmosphere of gloom and mystery which this author is so well able to portray; here, in impressive style, is the story of the effect of one man's sin upon the generations succeeding him. Throughout the whole story we have a feeling that we are dealing with the weird, the uncanny, the supernatural. Yet even among these things, out of the ordinary, Hawthorne brings in the little touch of beauty, "the rose vine clambering over the dingy walls of the Puritan prison."

The plot of the story is very simple—the old story of the rich oppressing the poor. Matthew Maule, a sturdy new Englishman, is in possession of a tract of very desirable land, containing a well of pure fresh water. Colonel Pyncheon, an influential churchman of the community, lays claim to the land

by right of king's grant. The stubborn resistance of Maule is at length overcome by death, for with thousands of other victims of the witchcraft frenzy that swept over New England, he makes his way to the gallows. Only after the excitement and frenzy of the time has received a check is it remembered that the Colonel had taken an especial interest in the death of Maule, whose dying exclamation as he pointed with fateful meaning at the stern Puritan, mounted on his iron-gray horse, still brought a shudder to the hearts of the more timid members of the community: "He shall have blood to drink."

People shake their heads meaningly when above the ruins of the laborer's hut a large mansion is erected to become the home of future generations of Pyncheons; and, when the water of the well, one of the causes of the Colonel's greed for the land, becomes brackish and impure, the people openly declare that the spirit of the murdered laborer haunts this place, familiar to him during life.

Meanwhile the seven gabled mansion is being completed. The great day when it is to receive its first guests arrives. Those guests who are bidden enter its portals, and side by side with them, unseen, swift, terrible, enters one guest unbidden, and takes away a gift—a living soul. Colonel Pyncheon is dead! Those who discover the body notice, with shudders of dread, that his once stiff ruff is saturated with blood which also drips from his chin and beard. Before each mind rises the vision of the gallows and its victim standing with pointing hand; and to each ear comes with fateful solemnity the prophetic words, "He shall have blood to drink."

At the time when the real story begins there are only four surviving members of the Pyncheon family; Judge Pyncheon, a wealthy and influential member of the community in which he resides; Clifford, his nephew, who had been for many years the victim of the Judge's crimes, and who on account of years of imprisonment was almost half imbecile; Hepzibah, a maiden lady, spending her dull quiet life in the shadows of the Colonel's seven-gabled mansion; and Phoebe, a simple, sweet girl, lending her brightness to cheer up the house for the unfortunate brother and sister. The Judge, in the act of renewing his inhuman persecutions against the unfortunate Clifford, is overtaken by a death similar to that of his ancestor—that is, of the sudden rush of blood to the head.

Clifford and Hepzibah, the only witnesses of his sudden death, in a moment of unreasoning fear, flee from the house and the town. Phoebe and Holgraves, a young daguerreotypist who is the only other occupant of the house, form an intimacy resulting from a common fear that the wanderers will not return before it becomes necessary to reveal the Judge's death. They finally become aware of the fact that they are very much in love with each other. Clifford and Hepzibah return like wandering children. The Judge's body is removed and buried. Holgraves, thinking this the right moment, makes known the fact that he has been living among them under an assumed name and that his real name is Maule.

Thus the two families, so long at variance, were united by the strongest, sweetest tie by which one mortal is bound to another. One of Hawthorne's admirers has said that this ending "throws over the

sterner tragedy of the beginning an ethereal light and a dear home loveliness."

In thinking of the characters represented in this book, the one that appeals most to my sense of beauty is Phoebe; to my sympathy, Hepzibah; and to my pity, old Uncle Venner.

Some may say, "Well, why does Hepzibah call for your sympathy? I think Clifford deserves it more than she does." Well, I do not. Hepzibah was misunderstood. Her nearsighted attempt to see clearly was called by her unneighborly neighbors, a scowl; and she had received the appellation of a "cross old maid." In addition to this Clifford, whom she adored, was continually saying little things and remarking on her altered looks in a manner which hurt her sorely. She rejoiced that he could have more beautiful things to look at; but it hurt her, none the less, to have him impatiently exclaim whenever his eyes rested on her, who, with years of self sacrifice and loneliness, had become such a poor remnant of womanhood.

Phoebe is only a simple, natural, tactful girl, but to many she is the one redeeming character in the book, and to all, she is the type of true, pure maidenhood always welcome. Holmes says "the sweet fern is not truer to the soil than is the native sweetness of our little Phoebe."

There is a certain pathos about old Uncle Venner that not only touches us but arouses our interest. His bright, homely remarks are full of good common sense, and his ambition to finish his work and retire to his "farm" is truly pathetic.

So closely are the story and its setting connected, that it is almost impossible to think of these same things

happening in any other place. The yard, overgrown with burdocks, the tall gloomy house, with its seven pointed gables, the creaking gate, the garden with its broken down summer house, and the fountain with the flitting pictures, will live forever in our minds; and, closely associated with them, the story of the wicked Colonel and the effect of his sin upon his descendants; and the final triumph of love.

BESSIE PAULETT.

Pharaoh's Army.

AUNT HARRIET sat on the door step in the moonlight crooning an old negro melody.

“Gwine to write to Massa Jesus
To send some valjent soldiers
To tu’n back Pharaoh’s army. Halleloo !”

John Jasper sat in the sand at her feet hugging his knees and rocking back and forth as she sang.

“Wha’s a valjent-sojer-to-tu’n-back-Pharaoh’s-army ?” he asked sleepily.

The gray-haired old negro knocked the ashes out of her pipe and scratched her head thoughtfully.

“Dar’s a sight mo’ Pharaoh’s armies in dis wo’l den de one whar crossed de Red Sea, son. Sometimes ’tis de ole debul come to temp’ yo’. He comes on de outside en he comes on de inside. Sometimes he come to temp’ yo’, en sometime he come in yo’ to temp’ somebody else, but all de same he need tu’nin’ back. Sometime he come for to make natchel trubble when you ain’t got nobody to blame but yo’ se’f. Hit’s ’bout de wurs kin’ o’ trubble, honey. De good Lawd want some valjent sojers to tu’n him back. En a nigger kin be as good a sojer as anurr. Dey don’t all hev to be lak de one whar go’ mar’y Miss Bettie.”

John Jasper’s head was swaying to and fro, but it popped up suddenly, “Yo’ reckon Miss Bettie know it? Huh? Yo’ reckon she know it?”

After he had gone to bed that night, as he lay looking at the stars through a hole in the roof, he thought he heard voices singing far away,

“And they drown’ ole Pharaoh’s army,
Halleluah!”

John Jasper kicked the mud savagely as he sauntered home, his hands dug deep in his pockets. He had watched a wagon load of small colored boys disappear over the hill in high glee at the prospect of going to town to work. Behind them they left discontent in John Jasper’s heart. “Nemmine,” he flung back, “when my pa come I go lef heah, en I go lef yawl so far behin’ yo’ can’t tech me.”

“Hi yi, yo’ ain’t got no pa. He don’ forgit yo’. Don’t yo’ wish yo’ wuz going wid we all? We’s quality.”

But in spite of his brave front, he was inwardly fuming. He never got away from it—that everlasting taunt about his father. When he got back home, late perhaps, there would be the same old crones. “Yas, yas, yo’ go’ grow up jes lak yo’ pa. No ’count for nuthin’ but git yo’ se’f an’ twer fo’ks in trouble.”

That was the worst. He was so afraid he wouldn’t.

The first time his father came to see them again he was going to go off with him, and then they’d be sorry enough they had laughed at him. Just as soon as he got a chance! That old neighborhood wouldn’t see him long — “A cuttin’ no wood an’ a totin’ no water.” He didn’t realize it was his heritage.

Aunt Harriet was calling him as usual, “Why ain’t yo’ come on heah, boy, when I call yo’? Miss

Bettie wants yo' to go 'cross de creek fur de Con'ul dis ebain. De creek's risin' en she wants yo' to tek a hors' ovah fur him. Huc-com' yo' so late tonight? Yo' pa ben heah dis ebain, Jasper," said the old woman lowering her voice. "I'se glad you wan't heah. He wants to tek yo' wid him. He in trubble en he runnin' away fur good, he say. I 'spec' he'll turn up ag'in some time 'fo' he die. He wuz pow'ful mad he couldn't fine yo'. But yo' de onliest man mammy got now, en yo' ain' go' leave hur, is yo', honey?" Her voice had a little quiver, which was really there.

"Yo' pa was my only boy an' yo' de onliest t'ing I got to remin' me on what he uster be. When yo' ma died she give me de baby, but yo' pa say he jis loan me yo'. But don' yo' leave yo' gram'ma, chile; don' yo' do hit. Hurry up en git ready. Hit's gittin' late, en Miss Bettie wanted to know if yo' be skeered. I told huh, 'Naw'm, yo' wuz mos' a man now.'"

A little subtle flattery was Aunt Harriet's deepest mark of affection, perhaps because she knew it was the quickest way to John Jasper's heart. Before she had finished he was out of hearing.

At first his indignation at his grandmother for keeping him away poured out in a stream of abuse and crying, but as he ran along the road to Miss Bettie's another idea came into his quick little brain. Riding through the woods on Miss Bettie's big horse he made up his mind. Surely his father couldn't be very far on his way, and not a man on the road knew the hours and habits of the west-bound freight train passing the station near by better than this son of the soil. He grinned at the thought of his father's pleasure when he should join him. The more he pondered the more pleased he became with himself, until finally

he began to sing. As he rode over a hill he fancied he could hear Aunt Harriet's voice, singing in her customary high key—

“Gwine to write to Massa Jesus
To send some val'unt so'jers—”

John Jasper snorted when he thought of her! Last night she had told him how to “turn back Pharaoh's army,” and tonight she wasn't willing for him to go way to find an “army” to send back. She never had called him a man before this evening! “Don' yo' leave yo' gram'ma, honey,” was what she had said. But he had been “loaned” to his grandmother long enough! He felt as if he was carrying out her special exhortation, “to rise and shine to glory.”

He was so convinced that he was rising and shining to glory, by running away from home, that he could almost feel the halo 'round his head. He forgot that he always was scared when he passed through the dark low grounds near the swollen stream. He was to take the horse to the other side and wait for the Colonel. He would tie the horse all right but hardly thought the “Curnel” would find him waiting. He rode rather cautiously, pushing the branches aside until he reached the bank. The ford was bad and the water high, but he managed to land safely on the farther side.

It was intensely dark now, and, though he was a man, oh yes! he jumped when a screech owl perched on a limb above him began its blood-curdling wail. Before he could speak himself, a voice from the depths of the shadow said, “John Jasper!” It was like a part of the breeze, it was such a whisper, but John Jasper heard.

“Who dat?” he breathed. A tall figure loomed up at his side as a rough voice asked,

“Ain’t dat you, John Jasper? Were dis heah me! What yo’ doin’ heah, boy?”

“I—I come to meet de Curnel,” stammered the valiant soldier.

“Yo’ cummin’ wid me, yo’ heah me? I need yo’ and yo’ gwine wid me,” said the voice.

“Yas, sar,” from John Jasper.

“De Curnel! Yas, yo’ll meet him or ruther he’ll meet me en yo’ soon enuf. He de man whar lookin’ fur me. Dat’s what’s he doin’ out heah dis time of night. Let er lone what I done. He’s a lookin’ fur me and now I’s a pintedly lookin’ fur him. Now yo’ do what I tell yo’; hear me, boy?” A twig broke back in the woods and the man slunk again in the shadow, but he laid a tight hold on John Jasper’s collar. “Ef you do what I tell yo’, boy, yo’ kin go wid me. Ef yo don’t yo’ kin look out fur what’s goin’ to happen to you! When de man comes and goes to get on his hors’, lead him up to the bank close to de water. Jes es he go to mount yo’ tek dis; put it right back of his head. Do hit so, yo’ see? Den let ’er go. He’ll fall in de creek an’ nobody nuver’ll know or see hit. Ef he don’t fall in yo’ shove him in. Tek dis t’ing heah.”

“I can’t do that but—but I’ll turn him back,” whimpered the boy.

“Naw ef yo’ don’ kill him, den I’ll kill yo’, yo’ heah dat?” And John Jasper saw him take a revolver from his belt. “I’ll tek yo’ wid me if yo’ do hit,” said a voice in a persuasive tone. “We’ll go wes’ togedder.”

It was John Jasper's moment, and he began to waver. "Yo' do hit!" he said suddenly. The next instant he felt the water over his head. He thought he was dead and did not even struggle. He thought he was going down stream but before he knew it a strong hand which had held him all the time, suddenly lifted him clear of the water and laid him on the bank. "Dar, yo' go do hit or not?" But John Jasper's wail of distress floated out on the air. "Hesh dat or yo'll git the wust. I'se only tryin' to skeer yo' now. Hit's de las' chance yo'll git to see me ag'in. All yo' got to do is to pull dat trigger right on the back of his head and den grab de hors' en run."

But John Jasper interrupted, "I wuz gwine wid yo', but I don' tu'n back in my min' 'fo' I got heah." Through the woods the sound of footsteps were becoming distinguishable. "Dar he comin', he comin'," he almost shrieked, but a hand was laid on his throat and a man's face was laid close to his. "I won't do it, sah," said John Jasper stoutly.

"Den yo'll nuver hav' a chance to tell hit," answered his father's voice, and the next minute John Jasper's body lay limp on the sand. As the Colonel came on he stopped once, and again, for through the thicket he thought he heard sounds of some one running.

John Jasper's nearly helpless body was lifted gently to the saddle and carried across the stream. For in the distance Aunt Harriet's voice could be heard singing:

"An' the children all passed over, Hallehuah!"

John Jasper had passed over too. He had turned back Pharaoh's army. Hallelloo!

MARY DUPUY.

A Sunshiny Day.

Oh, the life and the vim of a sunshiny day!
It is joyous and cheering and jolly and gay;
It is buoyant and brilliant and lively and bright,
It is hopeful and helpful, inspiring and light;
It is spicy, and fragrant, aromatic and sweet;
It is lifegiving, healing and grateful and meet;
It is eager, it's strong, energetic and free;
It is laughing and smiling and jovial with glee;
It's a song, it's a singer, it's a whole symphony;
It's a poem, its a poet, and pure poesy;
It is love, it's a lover, it's a true beau ideal;
It is beauty, it is strength, it is grace, it is real;
It is sorcery, charm, it's bewitching and coy;
It is gladness, it's mirth, it's laughter and joy;
It is hope, it is faith, it is sweet charity;
It is goodness and gentleness and true purity;
It is all of the virtues and none of the vice;—
Not one in a thousand would sigh at its price.
Let us strive to be like it, and do what we may
To be in ourselves a sunshiny day.

ANNE MAGILL FAUNTLEROY.

The Warning.

DARK, solemn, silent, stand the primeval forests, their mighty crowns in clear silhouette against the western sky. Here and there, scattered in a wide clearing, are some thirty or forty Indian wigwams, the grotesquely carved and painted figures on their sides plainly visible in the light of a harvest moon now riding high in the heavens. No sound save occasionally the plaintive call of a distant whip-poor-will breaks the majestic silence, and the God of peace and love alone seems brooding o'er these virgin solitudes.

A moment only serves to banish this illusion, for forth from the central wigwam steal nine Indian warriors, well armed with bows and arrows and ominously gleaming tomahawks. The burning hatred legible in their countenances, as they pause for a few moments of earnest consultation, betokens no good purpose in view toward the despised colonists now sleeping calmly at Jamestown, two hours journey distant.

A moment more and with fierce mutterings, accompanied by fiercer gesticulations, the Indians turn and move rapidly in the direction of the little hamlet.

As the last stalwart form disappears within the deeply shadowed forest glades, the flap which serves as a door for the chieftain's tent moves slightly, then opens, and a tall graceful girl steps out into the moonlight. Her lithe, slender form seems that of some sylvan goddess. Lightly poised, as if for flight, she

leans forward listening to the retreating footsteps of the warriors. For a few seconds she hesitates, lost in thought. Duty bids her go and warn her friends at Jamestown. Love bids her stay lest she prove a traitor to her father, to her lover; for had she not seen White Eagle enter the forest? True, he had lingered, the last to go, but regardless of her pleading he had gone, and now love is silenced; duty calls with the louder voice and she must obey. Then, wavering no longer, with clasped hands and a quick upward look, she speeds down the path to the woodland.

By no unfamiliar trail does she seek to reach the settlement. Through winter's snow and summer's drouth, braving censure, banishment, and even death itself, has her flying form sped o'er this well-known path, but never with so important a mission as now. The sentinel cry of an owl, "Who? who?" rings out from a tree above her head. A gnarled oak looms up in her pathway, ghastly white in the moonlight, and shaking its bare limbs in the wind seems forbidding her nearer approach. The shriek of the night hawk, the shrill cry of the lynx fall alike on unheeding ears. Her friends are in danger; what cares she for forest sights and sounds? On she goes, like a meteor through the night, heeding them not.

But, hark! what sound is that? Is she too late? Are her tribesmen already near? She stops, listening, with rapidly beating heart. No, 'twas but the rustling of the wind through the leaves. "Great Spirit," she breathes, as she hurries onward, "Let me get there first; oh, let me get there first!"

The moon, now nearing the west, sails on in undimmed splendor, flooding with light the bare head and arms of the maiden, as she emerges at last into

an open plain. Before her lies the village of Jamestown, where, hours before, the lights had disappeared one by one. All are gone now but that in the great storehouse, where several men are gathered counting and stacking the bags of grain, sole fruit of a summer's labor, in readiness for distribution the next day. With quick intuition the girl realizes that this will be the point of attack. Hastening to the door, she throws it wide and stands with uplifted hand upon the threshold.

"Seize your arms!" she cries. "There is not a moment to lose! Powhatan is coming with a band of picked warriors to rob and murder you! Defend yourselves, but may the Great Spirit prompt you to be merciful to my race, and—to spare him who wears the white eagle's feather!"

Then with a waive of her hand, disclaiming praise and compensation alike, Pocahontas, "the guardian angel of the colony," turned and fled back into the night.

MARY SUE CLAYBROOK.

The Old Senior B to the Young R. C.

“O tell me, what is the R. C. Class?”

Was the new girl's mournful cry.

“O tell me quick, I am so homesick,
And I must know ere I die!”

“The R. C. class is the place, my lass,
Where you R Czed for review,
And I think I C by your pitious plea
That it's just the place for you.

“If you C what you R, it is best by far
For to take your place there in
Than to stuff and cram for a stiff exam,
And then be what you R Cn.”

Thus the Senior B to the young R. C.,
Advice did freely give,
And the young R. C. all reverently—
She took it, as I live!

And she longed in her soul for the glimmering goal,
Which her eyes might dimly C.

“O to B what you know you R not!” she cried,
“To B like a Senior B!”

Francis Alonzo Higgins and Others.

FRANCIS ALONZO HIGGINS balanced himself precariously on the window ledge, and gazed searchingly up and down the street. After a while his scrutiny was rewarded, and he wiggled his dangling legs ecstatically, thereby endangering his neck. The quick approach of an immaculate young man was the cause of his joy. Francis Alonzo Higgins' cherubic countenance screened much precocious cogitation. "I wonder how much I can get from Mr. Bennet," he mused. "He's awful stingy."

With this remark Francis took his chewing gum from his mouth and stuck it to the bottom of a chair, for future reference. Then having disposed of all his impediments, he skipped blithely down the stair, and stationed himself in the hall. It was evident that he had an idea. Francis Alonzo and an idea formed a dangerous combination. Meanwhile, the unconscious Mr. Bennet mounted the steps and rang the bell. Francis, with a truly artistic appreciation of the effectiveness of a little waiting, opened the door only after the bell had been rung repeatedly.

"How do you do, Mr. Bennet?" he said, with a politeness truly alarming.

"How are you, my little man?" said Mr. Bennet, beaming paternally.

Francis Alonzo Higgins made no reply, he simply waited.

"Er—Is Miss Louise at home?" inquired Mr. Bennet.

"Dunno," said Francis, betraying no inclination to budge.

"Would a quarter assist your memory?" hinted Mr. Bennet delicately.

"Perhaps she *is* at home. Come this way," said Francis, pocketing the coin and ushering his guest into the parlor. He called his sister. Then, meditating on the advantages accruing to those possessed of handsome sisters and financial genius, he took up his former station at the window. From this vantage ground he was able to note the approach of two more suitors. He did not fail to collect toll of each. By eleven o'clock Francis Alonzo Higgins had one dollar and a half. It was evident that he was prospering. But he was to be outrageously cheated of his dues in one instance.

Promptly at eleven o'clock, a joyful young man flew up the walk with great celerity. Francis, actuated, of course, by a noble desire to be hospitable, ran to meet him at the door. He was thrust aside with scant ceremony. The fellow rushed headlong up the steps, shouting, "Louise! Louise!"

Louise appeared, and came to meet him half way. "What did father say, Tom?" she asked, anxiously. "He said that he would be charmed to have me for a son-in-law," said Tom. He seized her by the waist and waltzed into the parlor. "Huh!" grunted Francis Alonzo Higgins.

MARY DAVIDSON.

The Bell.

Hear the clanging of the bell—
 Normal bell !
 What a day of work and worry does its melody
 foretell !

How it sets the echoes going
 In the chilly air of morn,
 While the roosters start to crowing
 And the cows set up a lowing
 The "Fall opening" to adorn;
 Keeping time, missing time,
 In a sort of senseless rhyme,
 To the call to duty that doth unmusically well
 From the bell, bell, bell, bell,
 Rusty iron bell,
 From the clinging and the clanging of the bell.

We, alas ! don't hear the bell
 Any more !

How we long to hear it calling as before.
 But some rogue came slyly creeping
 Grabbed our bell and ran away !

Now as we are sweetly sleeping
 All the world a stillness keeping,
 Hark ! a gong rings in the day !

Crying, "time, time, time—"

(In no earthly sort of rhyme)

"Time to face another day, and I'll start you with
 My song."

Hear the gong, gong, gong, gong,
 Clashing, banging gong.

Oh, the horrid, spiteful, awful
 Beating gong !

Nice old bell, for you we long,
 You're a mock-bird to a gong !

—BESSIE SAMPSON.

Fables Up to Date.

ON "RATS."

The Rat and the Dragon.—Once some Rats went down town without permission. The next day a Rat was called up. "But I did not do it," said the Rat. "Well, if it was not you, it was someone else," and the Dragon pounced on the poor Rat and ate her up.

Moral: Somebody has to be punished.

B. G.

.

The Catcher Caught.—A Rat returning alone from the library (8:30 p. m.) was pursued by a Cat. After a run down the hall, she turned around and said to the Cat: "I know, friend Cat, that I must be your victim; but before I am punished, I would ask of you one favor; that you will teach me how to whistle between my claws." The Cat complied, and while she was blowing, the Mistress of the House, hearing the sound, came up, and gave chase to the Cat. The Cat, turning to the Rat, said, "It is just what I deserve, for I, who am only a Sophomore, should not have turned instructor to please you."

Moral: The way of the young teacher is hard.

C. L. J.

.

The Rat's First Lesson.—A Rat who had been running about disturbing people, and getting in the way generally, finally entered a room where some

Grave and Reverend Seniors were deeply engaged in an earnest discussion. After she had stayed a long while, she decided that it was time to go home. So she rustled about and said, "Shall I stay longer, or go home now?" "As you please," answered a Senior, "I do not know when you came; I am sure I shall not miss you when you go away."

Moral: Go to a Senior to have your measure taken.

B. G.

.

A Light Fable.—On the night after her arrival at the State Normal School, a Rat was much disturbed as to how she might extinguish the electric light.

The tasks and journey of the day weighed heavily upon her. With a troubled brow she rose and gently blew at the light. The brilliant light smiling to himself made no signs of disappearing. Then fierce, and fiercer still, he felt the mighty vibrations of wind encircling him, but he only swayed gently back and forth.

The "Rat" by this time being aroused by the obstinate nature of the light, grasped it fearlessly, shaking and blowing vigorously. Then letting go, she found no change only that the string had been lengthened by the slipping of a loose knot, and now the light almost touched the floor.

Suddenly a new thought entered her mind. Bringing a pitcher of water, she seized the globe, and in a determined manner soused it beneath the water. The light, made more brilliant by the refraction of the rays, sent his dazzling beams into her eyes.

Then as a last resort, she angrily jerked open the bureau drawer and imprisoned the light.

As she fell heavily upon the bed and sighed for dreamland, she was struck by the same dazzling rays, which now issued through the many crevices of the drawer.

Heaving a sigh in expression of her submission, she closed her tired eyes. But she was soon aroused by a gentle tap at the door.

A lady in a dark dress entered the door, and calmly opening the drawer took out the globe and gently extinguished the light.

Moral: Gentleness is often better than force.

J. N.

Latter-day Chivalry.

IS THAT spirit of chivalry, that indefinable something which characterized the society of antebellum days, truly gone from among us forever? We, in our limited experience, were wondering, not long since, if the men of today are really very different from the men of yesterday. We thought, perhaps, after all, it was that "distance lends enchantment" and that the books which have been written about them constitute the chief part of their glory.

But now we are convinced that the novelists are right. There was a time, long, long ago when those chivalrous, gentlemen—men who, believing woman "a little lower than the angels," treated her with a reverence nearly akin to awe—lived and moved and had their being.

And the cause of our conviction was, strange to say, a magazine article. But it was written by a woman who, we know, has learned the life at first-hand, and in the "chronicles" which she gives us, we realize more than ever what we girls of today have missed.

We think, though, that Mrs. Strauss spoke in rather sweeping terms when she referred to the men of the present day as "callow youths, who seem so little fit." We acknowledge that these practical times lack much. They have none of the beauty and romance which surrounded earlier days; the spirit of

the age tends away from that deference and consideration for women which characterized former times, but though they might be a great deal which they are not, the majority of young men are by no means the "callow youths" she would have us think. There are many who have, at heart, the true spirit of chivalry, and a few, a very few, worthy to stand side by side with the gentleman of the old regime.

Nor must the men alone bear all the blame. The truth is, much as we regret to say it, that the fault lies with the girls as well.

One cannot but feel that, in other days, girls were more careful of their dignity than now. Do you think those dainty maids in the quaint little caps and gowns were seen strolling through the business streets of the town in the afternoons? Would they saunter, whispering and giggling, past the stores and street corners, bestowing ravishing smiles and glances upon the knots of men gathered there—perhaps to discuss and pass judgment upon this very thing?

Can you imagine them engaging in such ardent conversation that the stranger is forced to listen, whether he will or no—forced also to grant the smile of approval which the watchful and expectant air of the speaker appears to demand? It seems a sin against our grandmothers to harbor such a thought.

And yet, they had admirers in plenty—"every girl was a belle in those days"—but they were careful how and when they established friendships; they did not saunter out on exploring expeditions.

Every one expects and wishes a girl to enjoy the society of men; it is natural that she should be interested in them, and desire them for friends, only—may she not make it her sole aim and purpose in life.

Let her be cordial and gracious to them when they seek her, but oh, for the sake of womanhood, let them seek her, and not her them.

When men find that girls are something more than light, careless creatures, whose society may be had for the asking or who come without being sought, they will begin to regard them with the careful courtesy that was once accorded all. Then will they truly honor them, then will they tender them, unwittingly, the chivalrous regard and protection that was the acknowledged right of the women of former days.

It rests with the girls of today to bring this about—it rests with them to re-kindle that latent spirit which lies smouldering but not dead, ready to burst into a flame that will lighten and brighten this everyday world, and quicken it with the life and grace of old, departed days.

Kind Words.

Kind words are oft a soothing balm,
To those cast down by grief
They often bring a peaceful calm,
To broken hearts, relief.

We cannot measure all the power
Of kind words fitly spoken
'Mid sore distress, in sorrow's hour
When hearts are almost broken.

In time of need, when faith gives 'way,
And hope is almost gone,
Kind words will make Hope's golden ray
Shine out to lead us on.

Kind words will help a struggling soul
Not to give up the fight
In striving for the distant goal;
To keep it e'er in sight.

Oh ! could we realize the cheer,
The strength, the hope, the life
Which kind words bring when all is drear
In life's unequal strife,

Then, would we not be ever kind
In thought, in word and deed,
And ever strive some words to find
To soothe in time of need ?

And so, my friend, your words of cheer
Proved I had one more friend,
And each one will to me be dear,
I trust, unto the end.

With the Editors.

CLAIRE BURTON, RUTH REDD,
Editors-in-Chief.

BEVERLY ANDREWS, BLANCHE GENTRY,
Literary Editor. Exchange Editor.

GRACE BEALE, MARY STEPHENS,
Y. W. C. A. and Alumnae Editor. Local Editor.

LULA SUTHERLIN, VIRGINIA NELSON,
Business Managers.

Athletics. We rejoice to say that the Normal School is showing great interest in athletics this year. An Athletic Association has been formed with a membership of over two hundred and fifty girls. Basketball teams are being organized, sixty or more enthusiastic members of the association already have tennis rackets and will begin playing in a short time. The basketball court to the east of the school has been leveled and is ready for use except that it still lacks a wire netting which will surround it. New ground has been bought and is being leveled and prepared for tennis courts; there will be at least two and probably as many as four of these courts.

The president and other officers of the association are thoroughly competent and are working hard for the success of their undertaking. The two vice-presidents have become chairmen of the committees, one of which has charge of basketball and the other of tennis. These girls, with the assistance of the direc-

tor of physical training, are planning schedules for games and act as coaches for the new teams.

Every member of the association was given the privilege of playing basketball as well as taking part in all the other sports. The fourteen best basketball players will be chosen for the two championship teams. These teams are to have regular match games, the first one to be played Thanksgiving. Yells, songs and colors will of course be a part of the rooting which both sides will doubtless have.

Athletics is in its infancy here, but there seems to have been an awakening throughout the entire school. We all have a common interest and are working together with vim and enthusiasm. In the near future the association expects to add a great many other sports to the list such as hockey and fencing.

The effect of athletics on class standing is an old and much discussed question. The result of investigation, of actual facts, however has proven satisfactorily that the first in athletics are usually first in class standing. Another interesting fact about athletics is that it gives girls who have not known each other a chance of finding that they have a common interest and affording them the opportunity, which they would not otherwise have, of sharing many a jolly good time together. Then, too, athletics is a part of the school. It rests with the girls to make their school rank high in the field of sports, and when once ambition and school spirit is aroused for athletics or anything else, it is easy to make it broaden into other phases of school life. So we hope that our Athletic Association besides the vast deal of pleasure it will afford the members, will prove a lasting benefit

to them by increasing loyalty and school spirit, by fostering a love of out of door life and by promoting a healthful interest in both work and diversion.

The Guidon. We, the editors of THE GUIDON, would like to say a word of thanks to the girls who have coöperated with us in getting out this first number of the magazine. The way in which they have come to our support not only in written contributions, but also in subscriptions, has surpassed our highest hopes.

We think, however, that there should be more voluntary contributions. We can make excuses for the old girls on the score of not having time, this being the busy time of the year for them; while with the new girls we can appreciate the timidity they feel in handing in a "free will offering;" but we are sure that by the next issue of THE GUIDON these obstacles will have been overcome, and we hope every contribution will be voluntary.

We believe every girl appreciates the effort that is being made to make THE GUIDON a school magazine of the first rank, but the only way this can be done is by each girl giving it her hearty support and being willing to do her best for it. The will is what is lacking.

THE GUIDON ought to represent the best work and the best interests of the school, and we know that we have all we need right here in our midst if we could only get it. The trouble is that the girls have an idea that they "can't write." If each girl who is interested in the welfare of the magazine would write the best thing she could, whatever it may be—story, poem, or essay—we are sure the next

issue would have a surplus of material, and if it happens that a girl's article is turned down, surely let her have determination enough to try again.

One word as to criticisms. THE GUIDON has come in for its share of severe as well as good criticisms, and we hope has profited by each one. When criticisms are given in an open, friendly way to the editors it means that the person is interested and has the welfare of the magazine at heart; but when, on the other hand, a slighting remark is dropped here and a disparaging word there, it means that it is time for each girl to show her school spirit and suggest to the one who belittles her magazine that she had better let the subject drop.

It is a matter of *school spirit*. Each girl should remember that THE GUIDON represents to the outside world the best of everything in a literary way that can be obtained in the school, and she should look upon it as her duty to see that outsiders do not get an unfair idea as to literary attainments. Let the girls be proud of their school, proud of their magazine, then when it becomes necessary they will defend both with their whole souls.

Let us say, in conclusion, that it is not the magazine alone which receives criticisms—the editors come in for a full share. Perhaps no class of people receive more harsh criticism than do the editors, while, we are sure, there is no class more really grateful for a word of encouragement from whatever source.

Prizes. THE GUIDON staff offers this year two prizes. The first, a prize of ten dollars to the writer of the best story published in the magazine

during the year, and the second one of five dollars to the writer of the best poem.

These prizes will be awarded after the last magazine of the year has gone to press.

The stories and poems for this contest may be handed in any time during the year, and each girl may make as many contributions as she wishes.

Begin now, write a story or a poem for the next number; if this does not altogether please you, try again, and continue trying until June. You may win the prize.

The Churches. Alas for the churches! If the monthlies had their way there would not be one stone left standing upon another. They have made at them tooth and nail, and no one has dared say nay. Many earnest, devout Christians have, by now, doubtless realized the fact that they are cold, heartless and cruel.

But may not a word be said on the other side?

The experiment tried by the *Ladies' Home Journal* is an interesting one, but, as the *Journal* itself acknowledges, you cannot judge a church by one visit, nor indeed, by several.

Most true Christians are timid and meek in spirit, and fearful about asserting themselves. In those crowded New York churches, and in those of other large cities which Miss Smith visited, would it not be a difficult thing, amid the hosts of people, to decide who were the strangers? It would be rather embarrassing to both people concerned to address one who was not. Persons with fine, delicate sensibilities dread, above all things, to make themselves con-

spicuous. Doubtless, most of those who did speak to Miss Smith felt many an inward tremor beforehand.

Nor does the fact that the visitor is not well-dressed indicate that she is a visitor. It is hardly probable that all of the members are clothed in purple and fine linen.

Despite all arguments to the contrary, it requires a great deal of courage and will-power to go up to a strange person, amid a crowd of people who are unknown to you, and accost her, running the risk of learning that she is a member, as well as yourself. It would be a comparatively easy matter in a little country village, but in cities like New York and Boston it is quite a different thing.

Do not blame the churches too hastily. When a young woman is sincere in wishing counsel and friendship, she will usually find the pastor and at least a part of the congregation ready and willing to offer both.

Open Column.

STUDY HOUR.

WHEN the study bell rings we go to our rooms and settle down to work, knowing that the study period will be fully occupied with the work that is before us. Soon there comes a knock at the door and in comes a class-mate to inquire about the lesson, something occurs to start conversation, she becomes very much interested and enters into an animated discussion which lasts fifteen or twenty minutes, then she remembers what she came for and, getting the desired information, leaves, but she has taken not only one girl's time, but two or three, or perhaps four, if there happen to be that many in the room.

By the time these are quietly at work again there is another knock and this time a book is wanted. It is finally obtained after several minutes search, and the caller departs in peace.

There are no more interruptions for half an hour, then comes a zoölogy student to compare notes and inquire about a spider, another rushes in to say she has found one and they all rush out in search of the spider, and capture it after much excitement and screaming which brings some one of the home department to the scene to quiet matters, much to the relief of the non-zoölogists.

Study is once more begun, but callers continue on various errands and when at last the bell rings at 9.30 there have been a half dozen callers whose visits have averaged ten minutes each and have thus taken an hour from the study period. That extra time may be had to take the place of this, the clock is set to alarm at 5.30 in the morning.

Every girl knows that it is unwise to try to prepare a difficult lesson or study for a test in her room, and consequently seeks a class-room or some place where she may not be disturbed.

Now why should we disturb each other during study hour? We all know the disadvantage of it, and no girl would willingly hinder another in her work, then why should we not consider it a matter of courtesy and honor among ourselves to get whatever we wish from a fellow-student before the study hour begins or wait until it is over. We know that this would be a great advantage, and we are anxious that our school shall be the best and are willing to do our part toward making it such, and there is nothing that will help so much as a deep respect for law and order, or in other words a strong spirit of self-government.

WANTED—A BELL.

We need a bell and must have one. This matter has been taken up by THE GUIDON before and no notice was taken of it. We mean to keep this up till we do get a bell. Think how badly it is needed. Who wants the clanging of that horrid gong always crashing in his ears? And how much dignity it would add to the school to have a loud rich toned bell

to ring at the times when the "cow-bell" used to ring. Would we not like to have the town people say, "It is twelve fifteen," or, "Five thirty, for there is the Normal School bell." It is evident that a bell is a necessity, and when we do get it let us have one that is not likely to be confused with the ice bell or with our neighbors' door bells.

"* S."

In and About the School.

SEPTEMBER 4th marked the opening of the twenty-fourth session of the State Normal School under unusually favorable conditions. During the summer the buildings were all overhauled and repaired, the campus graded, granolithic walks laid, and everything put in good shape for the beginning of the session.

The Training School, around which centers the entire work of the institution, opened a week later with a good enrollment from the Kindergarten up. At the present writing there are on the grounds a total of 788 students—220 in the Training School and 568 in the Normal School.

Some important changes have been made this year in the curriculum. In order that those who wish it, may better prepare themselves for work in the high schools of the State, an elective year has been added to the academic department.

Another most interesting addition is the department of domestic science. This department we are sure will prove an excellent addition from the girls' point of view, but is there not danger of its thwarting the purpose of the Normal School? For what girl having become proficient in the science of home economics would not prefer a life long job as "home maker" for one, to the uncertain position of a "school ma'am."

Miss Fauntleroy, our new head of the Home, whose coming was delayed by her duties as hostess of the Virginia Building at Jamestown, is now with us and has taken up her duties. We can give no better evidence of her popularity than to say that in less than twenty-four hours after her arrival she won scores of friends among the girls.

Miss Watkins, a graduate of Virginia Hospital, in Richmond, was elected to fill the place of Miss Thraves who resigned last year. Besides having all the skill necessary in her profession, Miss Watkins has that ready sympathy and gentleness which win all with whom she comes in contact.

We regret to say that Miss Whiting, on account of ill health, has been forced to take a leave of absence of some months. She is now at the home of Mrs. Jackson, a short distance from Farmville, where she is steadily regaining her strength, and hopes to be able to resume her duties here in January. We miss her very much in the class room and we also miss her kind help and ready sympathy in all our work and worry.

Miss Gwynn, who has been studying at Cornell for the past year, has again taken up her work with us. It is needless to say that one who is so helpful in outside interests as well as class work is warmly welcomed by both the faculty and students.

The new members of the Faculty are: Miss Eva Minor, of Oxford, N. C., who will have charge of the department of Vocal Music; Miss Lydia L. Overall,

of Louisville, Ky., a graduate of the Posse Gymnasium of Boston, Mass., will be the director of Physical Training; Miss Worthy Johnson, of Athens, Ga., who was educated at Teachers College, Columbia University, New York, will have charge of the Domestic Science and assist in the department of Manual Training; Miss Virginia Bugg, of Farmville, is an additional assistant in the department of History.

All four of the churches in turn have entertained the Normal School girls. The Presbyterians first gave a reception to the members of their Sunday school, in the lecture room of the church. This reception was especially welcome as it came so soon after school opened, and while many of our girls were still suffering from homesickness.

The members of the Methodist church received the girls of their denomination in their usual warm hearted manner. The reception was given in the beautiful Sunday school room of the new church. Delightful music added greatly to the pleasure of the evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Robson threw open their hospitable home to the girls of the Episcopal church. Games were played and a most pleasant evening spent by all present.

The Baptist entertained their girls in the armory. This spacious building afforded ample room for games, and everybody had a "good time."

Both the Cunningham and Argus Literary Societies opened their work for the year with a pub-

lic debate. The popular question of hazing in girls' schools was debated by the Argus girls; Imogen Hutter, Curle Phillips, and Margaret Davis declaring that it should be allowed, while Marjorie Thompson, Mary Watkins, and Bessie Paulette upheld the negative side. The judges decided in favor of the negative.

The Cunninghams chose a subject of even more personal interest to students of the Normal School,—the question of allowing the Juniors to observe in the Training-School. Jessie Nidermaier, Wirt Davidson, and Katheryn Britton, on the negative side, were successful, but those on the affirmative,—Margaret White, Emily Lewelling and Charley Jones—deserve a great deal of credit for the way in which they defended their side of the question.

Juniors are no longer allowed to observe in the Training School. For three years they were free to observe when and where they pleased, but now only by special permission can a Junior visit these classrooms. That this is a wise measure even the Juniors are forced to admit, if they will only stop and think for a minute. In the first place, they themselves gain no real help or knowledge by these observations. Their schedules are always so arranged that they cannot see consecutive lessons taught. They see a fragment of this and hear a snatch of that and really do not know what they are observing. Then, observers disturb both the pupils and the teacher. With all the natural curiosity of children the pupils stop their work and watch the newcomer. These pupil teachers are not accustomed to teaching and feel

self-conscious and confused when visitors are in the room. They often lose their self-possession and say and do a great many unusual things which lead the Junior to make uncomplimentary remarks about them. Very frequently it has been noised abroad that a certain girl is "no good as a teacher" because she does thus and so, consequently her influence over the pupils is greatly lessened. These Training School children are quick to catch on to such things, and hearing others speak detrimentally of one of their teachers lessens the teacher's ability in the eyes of the pupils. Again, these pupil-teachers are not experts nor do they claim to be such. While there are some who can teach excellent lessons, all cannot, and if a Junior is going to observe at all she should observe the best. In order that she may be sure to observe the best, model lessons are taught by the supervisors of the different departments of the Training School and by the best of the pupil teachers for the benefit of those Juniors who care to see them.

Y. W. C. A. Notes.

EVERYTHING gives us cause to hope for the highest degree of success in our Y. W. C. A. work this session.

To begin with, the Students' Hand Book is especially good. It shows a great deal of care on the part of the president and those who helped her to get it out. Besides being full of valuable information for the new girls, it contains much that is of use to all school girls.

All the religious meetings have been well attended, and there has been manifested in each of them a feeling of earnest enthusiasm. The recognition service, held September 28, deserves especial mention. Molly Mauzy, our president, was the leader of this meeting. The topic for the afternoon was: "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve." There were two speakers beside the leader. Sue Ruffin told us "Why we should pay our Y. W. C. A. dues;" and Wirt Davidson, "What the Y. W. C. A. is doing in other schools and colleges." The leader gave a talk on "What it means to be a Y. W. C. A. member." After this the secretary called the names of the new members, and a hundred and twenty-seven girls stood and took the pledge which gave them full membership in the Young Women's Christian Association. We feel truly thankful for the added strength that this large increase will give to our organization.

The mission class was reorganized on October 5, with a membership of eighty girls. Our first

regular meeting was held October 12. Miss Johnson gave us a very interesting talk about her work as a city missionary in the slums of New York City.

A very sweet part of the daily life in our school is the evening prayer circle, held directly after supper each evening. This quiet little meeting is conducted by our matron, Miss Fauntleroy. It is very restful and comforting after a busy day to come and spend a few moments with God.

CAN—THE KING-WORD.

It is not always the words of greatest length which are the words of greatest strength. Words are very little to us in themselves ; it is what they mean to us, and what we intend doing, or not doing, that make them instruments of our actions.

Some one has said that "duty is the sublimest word in the English language," and surely "can," when preceeded by "I" is one of our strongest words.

It seems to me that can is a powerful word in more ways than one : it is a word with which we do not like to trifle. Having said it, we feel that we have committed ourselves. Most of us, I am sure, would be ashamed if after confidently saying "I can" we weakly say "I can't." Where we have once said "I can" and have done what we said we could do, we are in a position to go forward and repeat the triumph over something more difficult. "Each victory helps us some other to win."

Confidence in ourselves and in others is so much needed in the daily life of each one of us. Surely there is no one who would not gladly be an inspiration to his fellow-men, and there is no more certain

way of doing this than by acquiring the quality of confidence.

“These bring success their zeal to fan,
They can because they think they can.”

Does not a list of some of our daily “I cans” read like this? “I can be on time to meals and classes. I can spend more time over hard things instead of enjoying myself doing only the easy ones. I can forget my own anxieties, and take time to help others.”

“I can, I can, I can ;” we should make this word the keynote of our lives, and if we let it ring through the hours of each day it will give us hope and vigor.

“So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When duty whispers low, ‘Thou must,’
The youth replies ‘I can.’ ”

We might ask ourselves, “Is my confidence proof against failure?” We know the answer to this question as well as we know that human weakness has determined that answer. But there is strength, is there not, which we may always have for the asking. And this strength will give us final victory.

EMMA FARISH.

Alumnae Notes.

MYRA HOWARD ('05), Ethel Topping ('04), Maude Anderson ('05), Estelle Price ('06), Sue Boyd ('98), and Clara Falwell ('07), are teaching in the Bristol public schools.

Mary Peck ('03) is teaching in the primary grades of the graded school at Fincastle, Va.

Mary Lou Campbell ('04), now Mrs. James Graham, is residing in Draper's Valley, Wythe county, Virginia.

Mae Marshal ('07) and Clara Smith ('07) are teaching in Newport News, Va.

Mary Steger ('07), Louise Semones ('07) and Susie Wright ('07) are teaching in the Danville public schools.

Mary Sparkes ('02) is teaching in the Culpeper graded school.

Nellie Heath ('05) is teaching in the graded school at New Castle, Va.

Neville Watkins ('03) is teaching at Barton Heights, Va.

Ida Howard ('00) is continuing her course in the Teachers College, Columbia University, New York.

Bessie McCraw ('06) is teaching at News Ferry, Virginia.

Mary Rodes ('04) is teaching in the graded school at Fairfield, Virginia.

Pauline Williamson ('06) and Bess Howard ('06) are teaching in Pulaski, Va.

Gertrude Thompson ('98) is teaching in the Norfolk public schools.

Florence Ingram ('06) is teaching at South Boston, Va.

As You Like It.

IN the wilds of the Southwest. Colporteur—I would like to see your husband.

Mountain Dame—He ain't at home ; he's gone huntin'.

Colporteur—Hunting on Sunday! Has he no fear of the Lord?

Mountain Dame—I reckon he has, he took his gun along.

Blanche, to phonograph agent—Do you play "Dixie Dear?"

Whereupon there arose the strains of "I wish I was in de land ob cotton."

New Junior, looking at some filled out matriculation blanks—What does R. C. stand for, Rat Class?

History teacher in a flight of eloquence—The emancipated negroes ebbed and flowed like—birds of passage.

Lucy W.'s note—Please send me the Biology of a Frog by Blanche Gentry.

Little third floor rat the first morning that the heat was turned on—Oh horrors! Velma, we must get out of here, that thing over yonder is on fire, the gasoline is just spurting out of it!

New girl—Miss Dugger, I want the autobiography of Franklin.

A very conscientious merchant told his new clerk that he must be so honest in all his dealings that he could quote a verse from the Bible to justify him in everything.

The next night he read in the clerk's book, "10 yards silk, \$30."

"Look here," he said, "I cannot have this. You cheated that lady; there is no silk in the house worth \$3."

"I think I have done my duty."

"Can you quote a verse from the Bible to justify your action?"

"Yes, sir."

"What is it?"

"She was a stranger and so I took her in."

The psychology class had been discussing an electric light bulb, but the lecture had been resumed and was nearing its close.

"You all," said the teacher, "have a percept of this peculiar looking, odd shaped thing up here before you;" and he wondered why they laughed.

COPY CATS.

Oh what a tangled web we weave
When first we practice to receive.

One Sexton—Do you have matins at your church?
The Other—No, we have oilcloths.

Tommy—Pop, a man's wife is his better half,
isn't she?

Tommy's Pop—So we're told, my son.

Tommy—Then if a man marries twice there isn't
anything left of him is there?

Higgins—I understand your son is pursuing his studies at college.

Wiggins—Yes, but from what I ascertain I don't believe he will ever catch up with them.

Four-year-old John—Is this kitten a tomcat, sis?

Six-year-old Sallie—'Course it is ; its mother was a tomcat and so was its grandmother.

She—He has a most extraordinary figure, hasn't he?

He—That's so, I believe an umbrella is about the only thing he can buy ready made.

MUSIC AT THE NORMAL.

One night not long ago I had to write a story which must be handed in the next day. I came to my room at a quarter past seven and began at once to think of some plot for my story. This having been decided upon, at eight o'clock I took my pencil and tablet and went to the alcove, the place of places to write—so quiet and secluded.

Soon I had the opening sentence expressed to my satisfaction, and sat wondering what was coming next. All at once I heard the melodious strains of "Everybody Works but Father" coming from some unknown quarter. I sat and listened, and as I listened it grew louder, and the instrument became more familiar. In a few minutes I realized—to my despair—that I had heard this wonderful thing once or twice before. Our friends across the street were again wringing tune after tune from that dear graphophone !

I shut the windows down and turned my deafest ear to the alluring strains and began to write again.

In the middle of the next sentence I paused as I heard Rubinstein's "Melody in F" floating up from below. Miss D—— was practicing on the piano!

I had not time to stop, so I continued to write. But I was fated to be again interrupted. This time it was "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean" seeming to come from the same place as the "melody." But lo! this was Mr. —— on his "mattooner," and Dr. —— accompanying him on the mandolin.

I laid my pencil down with a groan. I could not stand this medley any longer, and the love story refused to adapt itself to a conglomeration of rag-time, classic, and popular music.

I determined to leave the alcove and made my way to the drawing-room. It was nine o'clock and I had only begun my story, but the drawing-room was far away from all this confusion and I could write. This, however, I realized I was not to do, for in a few minutes I was aroused by the most awful discords I had ever heard mortals make. I folded my one page and went home—the Farmville boys were singing!

TOAST.

I.

Here's to dear old "S. N. S."
Here's to the girls who love her best;
Here's to her president and faculty too,
Here's to our colors, the white and the blue.

II.

Here's to dear old "S. N. S."
Here's to her staff, which stands the test,
Here's to her sports, so jolly and gay,
Here's to the maids, who gain the day!

III.

Here's to dear old "S. N. S."
Here's to vacation, the hours of rest,
Here's farewell to days of the past,
Here's good luck, long may it last!

NANCY P. REED.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Be assured, in sending inquiries, that no confidence will ever be violated, and nothing done to reveal the identity of the sender.

MABEL—You are, indeed, sadly misunderstood, but only the great souls are never appreciated. Go on in your own calm way, and when next you say that the French settled in Arcadia, and he doesn't realize that it was Acadia—with the trifling difference of an r—do not fret, it is merely the fault of his own blunted sensibilities.

FLO.—It is best to stir fudge with a spoon, but when this is not practicable a ruler may be substituted.

PRISCILLA—We are not always aware of our faults; if you wish to ascertain them positively, ask your best friend.

CRUSHED—You wish to know a cure for a "sitting-on"—forget it.

THOUGHTFUL—It is wisest to purchase a durable carpet for a church, as one that is not will soon wear out.

PEGGY—Yes, it is embarrassing not to have anything to say; the customary remedy is to talk about nothing.

UNCERTAIN—An engaged girl should not correspond with another man, though there is no harm in writing a business letter—provided it is only done occasionally.

MARTHA—Your menu should be very simple—the usual luncheon—oysters on the half shell, bouillon, fried chicken (with vegetables and other “dressings”), Waldorf salad, crabs a la Lafayette, Nesselrode pudding, Marseilles olives, black coffee, etc.

ANXIOUS—You are right, it is customary for the man to seek the introduction, but under pressing circumstances the order may be reversed.

B. M. G.

When Benjamin wed Annie, oh !
They both were kindly fated ;
It Benefitted her you know ;
While he was Annimated. --Ex.

To market ! to market !
To buy and sell stocks.
Home again, home again,
Minus my rocks.—Ex.

“What is an example of broken English ?”

“The ten commandments.”



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W. L. Blanton	H. H. Hunt
Fleming & Clark	The Troy Laundry Machinery Co.
The First National Bank	Calumet Tea and Coffee Co.
Planters Bank	Drewery, Hughes Co.
State Female Normal School	Anderson Drug Co.
Richardson & Cralle	C. E. Chappell
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A. E. CRALLE	H. C. CRUTE	H. E. WALL

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
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